

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, May 10, 1898, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1331 Conn. Ave., May 10th., 1898. My dear Alec:

Do you want me to write every day or is it too much trouble to read my letters when they contain no information? I really wonder whether you care for my letters ordinarily?

Grace and Charlie dined with us this evening. I feel troubled about them both. She is frightfully thin and coughs a good deal while Charlie is growing another boil at just the same place. They talk of going to the Adirondecks next week. Grace knows about Sam Small now. She is glad Charlie did not tell her at the time. I wouldn't like you to keep such a secret from me.

It is still cool although we have had two days of sunshine. Elsie and Mr McCurdy took her Sunday School Class to see Buffalo Bill this afternoon. I thought it a pretty kind thing for her to do as she paid all the expenses herself, and went when feeling pretty badly. However it did her good and she went to the Theater in the evening with Aileen Mr. Chapman and Mr. McCurdy in very good spirits. Tomorrow night Mr. McCurdy and I go out to play whist with your Uncle and Aunt. I feel awfully sorry for your Uncle, he is absolutely helpless, scarce able to feed himself and unable to read or walk. He is developing a new habit, that of talking incessantly. I never saw him talk as he did last night and Grace says that everyone is noticing it. I suggested that Charlie might employ a steneographer to take down his reminiscences. Grace says they are very interesting and it would give him something to live for.

My poor Mother is dreading the removal to Twin Oaks excessively she was quite broken up today. I wish you would write her just a few lines.

Library of Congress

2

Did you see today's Herald? It contained an article by it's Cuban correspondent saying that the Cuban summers were purposely villified by the insurgents who did not want our troops to come and take from them the glory of defeating the Spaniards, that really it was the best season of the year there, it raining only in the afternoons. You remember that was what they told us in Mexico.

Well Goodnight, Yours, Mabel.